

JUNKWAFEL

by VAUGHN B. BODE

SEX!



ADULTS ONLY
no. 4 50¢



VAUGHN
BODE-

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BIRDOC BRAINBUSTER THE CREATURE BUILDER

THE WIND IS MOANING
FEARFUL CRIES... IT WHIPS
A LONG SPRAY OF SNOW
ACROSS THE ICY WOODEN
CLIFF BRIDGE... DARKNESS...
AND IN THE FREEZING NIGHT
THUNDER ROLLS HEAVY
FAR BELOW IN THE CLOUDS...
SCRAB, BIRDOC'S CHIEF
ASSISTANT, SCRABBLES
ALONG THE TREACHEROUSLY
SLIPPERY FOOT BRIDGE...
BEHIND SCRAB, AND CARRYING
A BAG OF FRESH BODY PARTS,
IS NO. 2. BIRDOC'S OTHER AIDE...
A NONSCRIPT ONE-ARM
TOAD... NO. 2 IS CHUCKLING
BENEATH HIS FROSTY BREATH...
HE HAS A PLAN... HE LUGS HIS
HEAVY HORRIBLE BURDEN
AND SQUEEKS WITH TENSE
EXCITEMENT... HE HAS THE
BEST PLAN YET... REALLY...
HE SHIFTS THE BLOODY SACK
AND SLUMPS AHEAD. HE IS
ABOUT TO MURDER SCRAB...

by
VAUGHN
BOODE



NO. 2 KNOWS THE PLACE... UMM... YES, WHERE HE WILL
DO HIS DIRT DEED. UP AWAYS... FURTHER ALONG THE
BRIDGE... THERE IS A SHARP TURN HALF WAY TO OLD
TOPPLEDOW TOWER... THE RAILING IS, AHH... FIXED...
JUST ENOUGH TO BREAK AWAY AND SEND UGLY SCRAB
PLUMMETING TO THE ROCKS FAR FAR BELOW....



A FEW MINUTES ALONG THE
RICKETY OLD BRIDGE AND
THE TURN IS THERE... HE HE
HE... THINKS NO. 2? HE HE HE...
THE WIND IS TERRIBLE WITH
HOWLING FORCE AND COLD
ENOUGH TO FREEZE THE TOAD'S
FOREHEAD NUMB... SNOW
SPRAYS WET CURTAINS THAT
HISS LIKE ICE SNAKES... AHH...
SCRAB ADVANCES SLOWLY...
PULING HIMSELF AHEAD BY
THE RAILING... SCRAPING...
STEP BY STEP... NO. 2 IS ON
FIRE WITH EXPECTATION...
HE CAN'T TAKE HIS BIG EYES
OFF THE FIXED SPOT. OH JOY
OF JOYS, SCRAB'S TIME DOTH
COME UPON HIM LIKE A CROW
IN THE NIGHT. UGLY SCRAB
WITH HIS UGLY CLAWS COMES
CLOSER TO HIS DOOM. CLOSER...
NO. 2 STOPS... EYES FIXED...
BREATHLESS... HE DROPS HIS
HIS SACK; THUMP, SQUISH...
NOW... NOW SCRAB... NOW!!

BUT WAIT, WHAT'S THIS!? A
BIG SHADOW? NO! A GREAT
FIGURE COMES SUDDENLY
AROUND THE BEND! A FORM
OF FLOWING, BLOWING CAPE...
A GIANT WALKING BIRD... AND
OH NO!! IT'S BIRDOC! BIRDOC
BRAINBUSTER HAS COME OUT
TO MEET THEM!! NO. 2 GOES
STARK WHITE TO THE BONE!
HIS MASTER IS GOING TO REACH
THE RAIL BEFORE SMELLY SCRAB!
NO. 2 SCREAMS LOUD AS HIS
FROGGY LUNGS CAN SCREAM,
BUT THE GUSTING COLD WIND
SHUAWLWS IT FOUR FEET AWAY.
WITH A CRY OF DESPAIR HE
FLAPS FORWARD, SLIPPING,
SLIDING, ALMOST RUNNING...
"NOOOO!!" HE SCREAMS, AND
PASSES SURPRISED SCRAB,
"GET BACK, FOOL!" YELLS UGLY
SCRAB... "WATCH OUT NO. 2!"
CALLS BIRDOC, BUT NO. 2 SLIDES
INTO THE RAIL... CRASH! HE IS
GONE... OUT INTO NOTHING!!



IT TOOK BIRDOC AND SCRAB FOUR DAYS TO FIND NO. 2'S BODY
SMASHED AND BROKEN, LITTLE ONE ARMED BODY... THEY
FOUND IT IN THE ROCKS, A THOUSAND FEET BELOW THE WOODEN
BRIDGE. IT TOOK BIRDOC ANOTHER FOUR DAYS TO RECONSTRUCT
THE PHYSICAL AND MENTAL FUNCTIONS OF THE ROAD... NO. 2
OPENED HIS EYES... HE SAW GREAT BIRDOC AND HE SAW SCRAB...
"YOU DID A BRAVE THING, NO. 2," SAID BIRDOC... "FOR ONCE," SAID
UGLY SCRAB, NO. 2 SMILED WARMLY... HE JUST THOUGHT OF AN EVEN
BETTER, MORE HORRIBLE WAY TO MURDER STINKING SCRAB...



VAUGHN BOODE

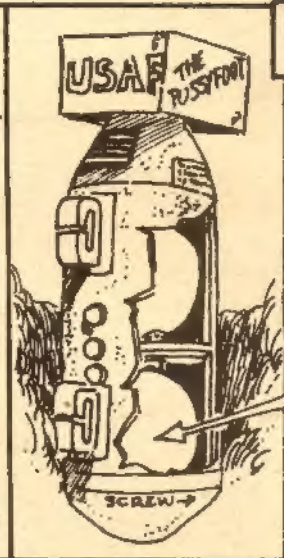
FOR WEEKS THE AIRFORCE HAS SEARCHED IN VAIN FOR A LOST HYDROGEN BOMB...! ACCIDENTALLY DROPPED BY A CLUMSY B-52 PILOT WHILE ON MANEUVERS OVER A POPULATED AREA... IT IS VITAL THE H-BOMB BE FOUND, FOR IT IS ARMED AND COULD GO OFF ANYTIME!!

THE AIRFORCE, BECAUSE OF THE EMERGENCY, HAS LET THE LID OFF ITS TOP SECRET HYDROGEN BOMB FIRING MECHANISM IN HOPES THAT ANYONE, LOCATING THE THING WILL INSTANTLY, BUT PATRIOTICALLY, DISARM IT.....

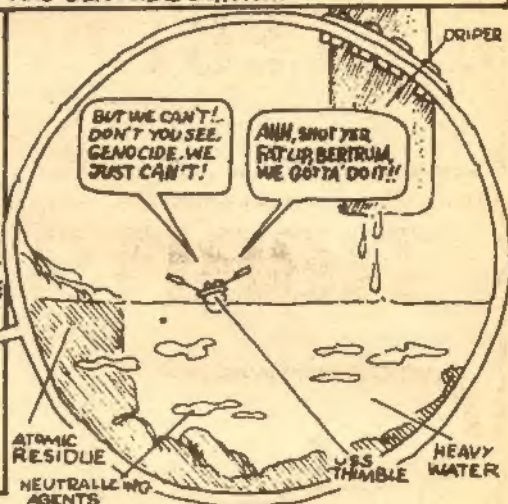
THE SECRET OF THE BOMB IS THIS: TWO SPECIALLY TRAINED, RADIOACTIVELY IMMUNE, PSYCHOLOGICALLY PICKED HOPPY TOADS ARE THE PRIME FIRING UNIT IN EVERY H-BOMB!! IT IS THEIR JOB TO DETONATE THE "DEVICE" AT A GIVEN ALTITUDE OR TIME!!!

OPPOSITE, IS A SCIENTIFICALLY ACCURATE, CUT-AWAY OF U.S. HYDROGEN BOMB NUMBER-235 THE "PUSSY FOOT"...

JEAN-PAUL BODE



FLOATING AROUND INSIDE ONE OF THE URANIUM BALLS ARE DETONATOR TOADS, BERTRUM R., AND GENOCIDE SMITH...



WE'RE NOT SURE WAR HAS STARTED!! WE ONLY GOT A YELLOW STANDBY ALERT BEFORE WE WERE DROPPED... IT WOULD HAVE TO GO TO A FULL RED ALERT FOR US TO DETONATE!!

LISTEN, CRUMB BRAINS, IT ALL HAPPENED SO FAST THEY COULDN'T GET OUR FINAL 'G' SIGNAL IN BEFORE THEY DUMPED US!... THEY WERE PROBABLY UNDER ATTACK AN' TOLD IT FORGRANTED WE'D DO OUR JOB!



NO, I DISAGREE! WITHOUT THE FINAL CODE WE CAN'T DO IT! IF WE WERE WIKING WE WOULD BLOW UP A MILLION PEOPLE! THAT'S, THAT'S... GENOCIDE!!

EASY WITH THE NAME CALLING, YOU LITTLE RUNT!



SUDDENLY, AND WITHOUT PREVIOUS WARNING, GENOCIDE SMITH WHIPS OUT HIS MICRO-MINIATURIZED PEARL HANDED .35 REVOLVER...

THIS IS IT, BERTRUM, YOU MILKTOAST, LEFT WING, PACIFIST!! I'M GONNA DRILL YA' AN SET THIS BABY OFF MYSELF!!...

OH MY GOD, GENOCIDE, DON'T!!... YOU COULD BE MURDERING HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF INNOCENT PEOPLE!

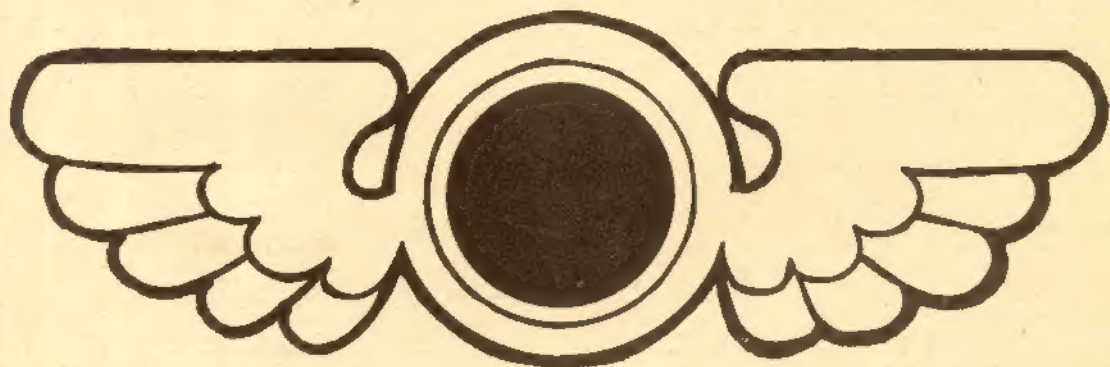




The
COLLECTOR'S PORTFOLIO
on

TIBBITS

TONG



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NO.





TIBBITS TONG



Canopus is a Giant Star located in the southern constellation of Carina. This star is a huge, V-Class Giant, 200 times the diameter of our sun and 2,000 times brighter! Yet, it has a relatively low surface temperature of 13,500 degrees F. Our sun, 200 times smaller, has a surface temperature of 10,300 degrees F.

Canopus is a gigantic, pale yellow star so distant that it takes 98 light years to cross the uncomprehensible void between us. This monster-furnace has planets, as most stars do, but Canopus has a phenomenal collection orbiting in a vast planetary belt.

Perhaps as many as 280,000 planets orbit in this zone. Of course many of these are but small planetoids...but 16,000 are larger than Mercury or have a diameter in excess of 3,000 miles!

And 700 of these planets are larger than our Earth, 46 being even larger than Jupiter!

Washed in the center of this planetary highway is a world, about the size of Mars—with one healthy difference. It has a heavy atmosphere and is loaded with little, 2-foot high bipeds called "Tibbits."

The Tibbits refer to their planet as "Tong," or "Tibbit's Tong," since they do own it.

Tibbits are strange little creatures that can best be described as a cross between bald-headed, earless mouse-lizards and humans.

Among other things, Tibbits aren't too bright. Their brains don't function quite the same as ours, but their material world is very similar to human standards. One can easily see that Tibbits are "out of their element" in a mechanized civilization when you observe their disregard of all those things so beloved by humans. They respond terribly to regimentation and mass collectivism. They have unspeakable values of non-material focus. Tibbits seem to like a dumb set of standards, a non-realistic belief in a "little thinking, a bit of nonsense poetry, satisfying food, and good arguments". Sometimes, one might almost suspect they have a basic, inbred communion with the nature of the universe. Tibbits don't mind dying. As a matter of fact, they approach death with unnerving good humor.

If Tibbits have a mental constitution suited for grassy forest floors, what are they doing in a military-material culture? If Tibbits are so emotionally adverse to our great standards, then why a civilization that mimics ours?

Look at the history of Tibbits Tong. Just 2,000 years ago the planet was a barren, uninhabited desert! The Tibbits did not exist 2,000 years ago. But something did live, or exist, or reside or whatever it does. It was a subterranean, central core being that forms from the heat and pressure and elements. Such a being is not unusual deep in the bowels of a planet, but this one was different. It's awareness grew rapidly to a perceptive stage far beyond the usual dim, sluggish center core beings of other worlds. This one, within a thousand years, took over the essence of the entire planet! It grew in awareness like a cancer, snaking fine tendrils of sensation throughout its sightless shell. It broke sensors through the surface and sensed light, and sensed the universe. It learned to see...it inspected itself...mountains, craters, deserts, rocks.

It listened to radio emissions and watched the Sun Canopus and the stars and planets for 50 or 60 years. It discovered the existence of tiny, organic things that lived on the surfaces of his "kin"...like bacteria on a desk top, he ignored it...at first...until some of that insignificant stuff sent out a comprehensible radio message to a teeny sliver of metal full of other insignificant stuff.

The microscopic creatures had done the one thing he could never do. Those worthless flecks of dust built a thing to take them away from their great stone and set them upon another one. It was impossible, but true. The specks were capable of a whole new kind of

thought. They were materialistic sculptures in a three dimension. They were a new and very exciting form of intelligence.

The central core being concentrated on them. He perceived at them so hard, volcanoes erupted all over his shell. He was sick from the effort for an entire year. But, after seven years, he knew them or the limited materialistic side of them he studied.

By patient, tireless experimentation the creature, the living planet, created life. For 300 years his surface was roamed by his ugly failures. One year it made a particularly workable race form and thought that this would be "the one," but their brains were hopelessly split and unpredictable. He destroyed the 14 million creatures and started again.

Seven hundred years ago the living planet found the form design it wanted. Seven hundred years ago the first Tibbits were created.

He created hundreds and worked them until they died, probed their minds to work out pattern improvements until they had no minds, and tested them on different foods until they were either poisoned or burst.

He created hundreds more and had them plant farms and forests and build cities and bridges.

The Tibbits, however, weren't exactly "right." They didn't respond to the material world like he did or micro-life forms on the other planets. He considered starting again. He destroyed a million Tibbits, then changed his decision and made more. They would do despite their peculiarities.

For 500 years he created them and worked them and fought them and destroyed them.

He tried in that time to build a civilization equal to itself in every way, but it proved impossible. One portion of the culture would remain stagnant while another advanced.

Aeronautical sciences, flight machines, progressed only under his constant pressure.

By the end of the 600th year, cities were rundown, crumbling, cluttered and decayed. Monetary systems failed repeatedly. Civil and federal government swayed and collapsed and had to be reconstructed.

In the 640th year, the central being was forced to institute a social state in order to preserve the Tibbit race. In the 680th year of their existence, they made the long-awaited breakthrough. A device capable of traveling to other worlds was finished. The Tongball. For 10 years he made them experiment and perfect the device until it worked with a predictable and acceptable loss percentage. He discovered Tongballs had a 75% successful mission margin but the unresponsive Tibbits added another 45% pilot error to the 25% machine failure. He could not escape the high loss ratio of 70%. He compensated by starting 500 factories, each producing one device in a seven day and night period.

He poured the energies of the entire race into the building, equipping and operation of the "Great Tongball Gaggles."

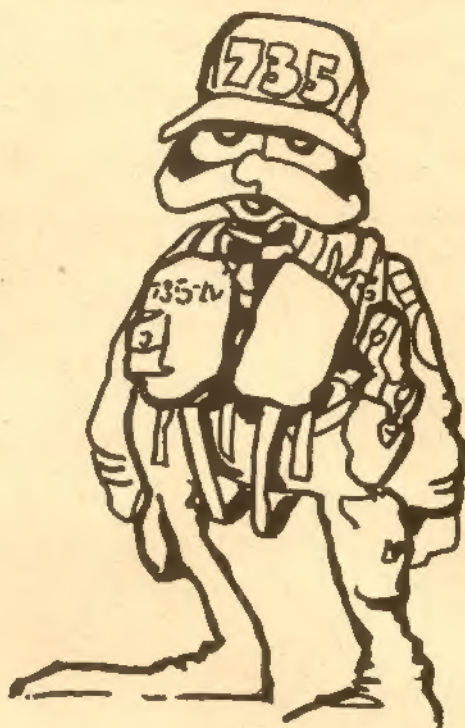
The Central Core being, based on the immaterial, nebulous confines of the planet's bowels had become a sick, greedy, possessive materialist. His original quest to quench his curiosity, was replaced with an insatiable hunger for God-like control, for domination, for conquest. He sent out his Gaggles against the nearest planet and, despite the utter incompetence of the Tibbits, he smashed the lizard-like civilization of that world. He took some planetoids, then a world the size of earth and, with each victory, no matter what the cost to his Tibbits, his lust grew in great Mountain ranges.

And now, today, far across the empty blackness, 588 trillion miles from where you stand, around a giant star named Canopus, the living planet moves his millions of little Tibbits in a campaign to conquer or destroy all 280,000 planets.

A TYPICAL TIBBIT
WITH THE TYPICAL HEIGHT OF 2 FEET...



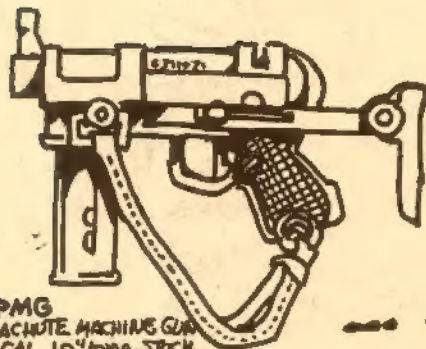
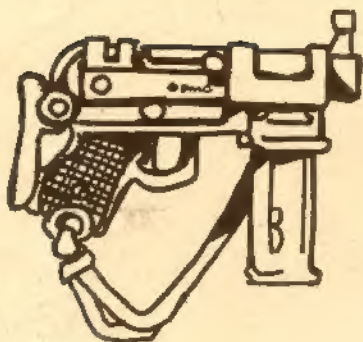
VARIATIONS ON TIBBIT FLIGHT UNIFORMS



PRINCIPAL SMALL ARMS, SERVICE ISSUE, TIBBITS TONG



KRUG STUMP
.22 CAL PISTOL NEW
MODEL
5" long



PMG
PARACHUTE MACHINE GUN
.22 CAL. 10" long, STOCK
closed. open 13" inches



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TIBBIT HIGH ALTITUDE LIFE SUPPORT SYSTEM, MARK II



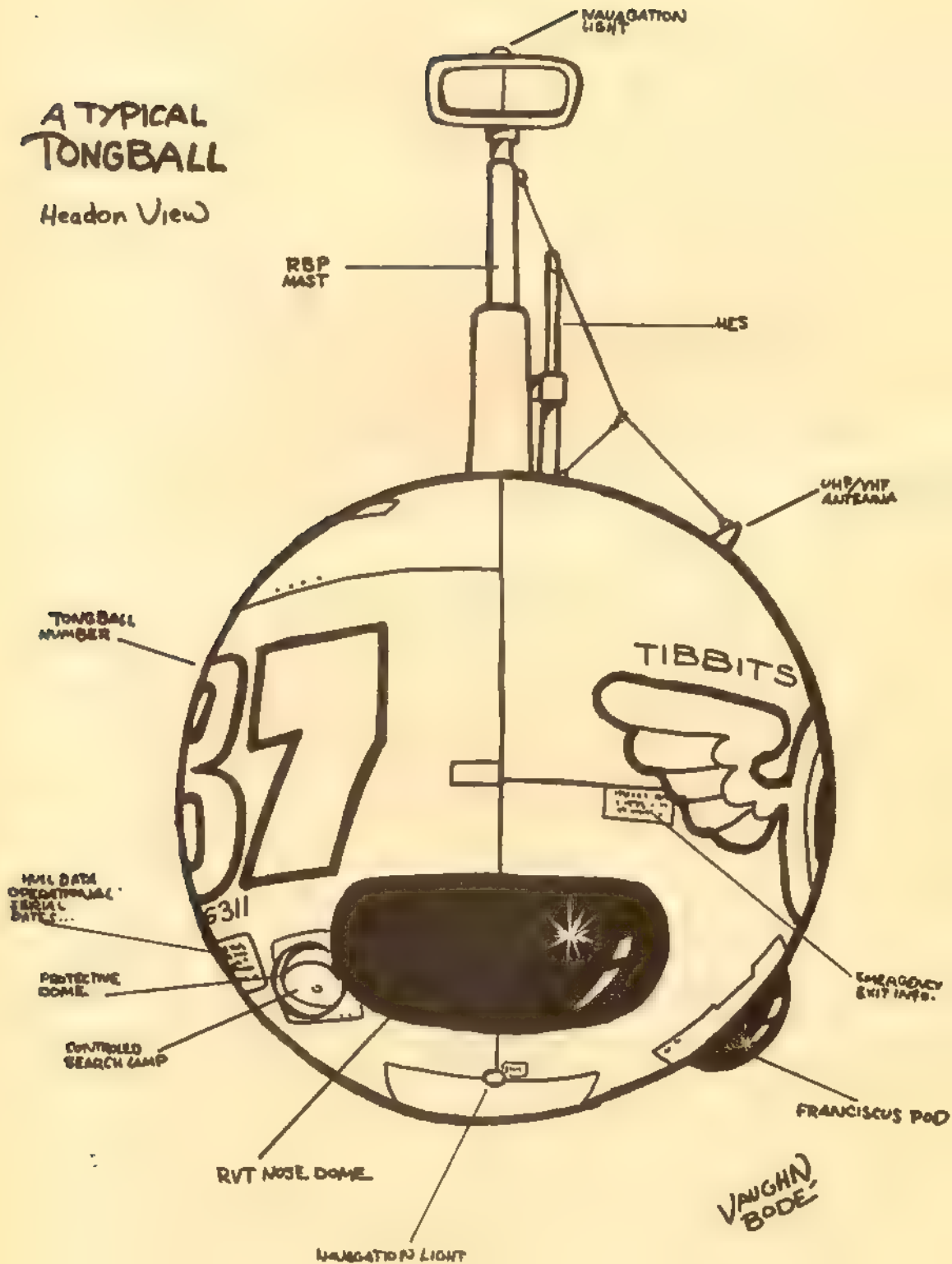
THE MARK I SYSTEM, ALTHOUGH
OLDER, IS PREFERRED BECAUSE
IT IS EASIER TO GET OUT OF THE
HATCH WITH JUST THE UMBILICAL
CORD TRAILING BACK TO THE
TONGBALLS' MAIN LIFE SUPPORT
CENTER.

ONLY ONE SUIT SYSTEM
TO A TONGBALL

VAUGHN,
BODE

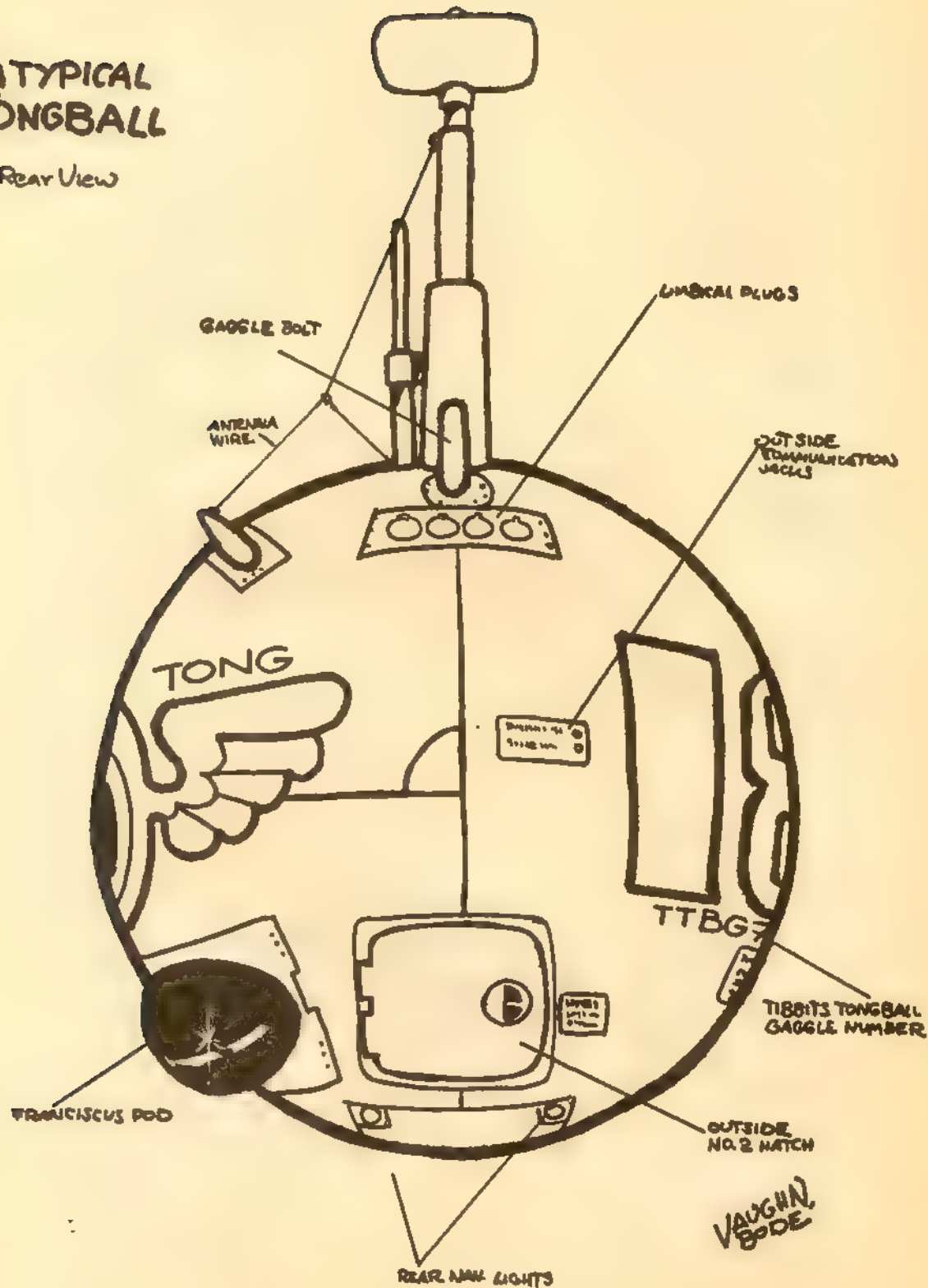
A TYPICAL TONGBALL

Headon View



ATYPICAL TONGBALL

Rear View



CUT-AWAY OF A TONGBALL

'RUST-O-BUNKER' PERISCOPE

Excessive size of
Periscope acts as a
pose-stabilization beam for
reference by you...

THE GAGGLE
BOLT

Side view of
Periscope

HANDY LTD.
'EVALUATOR
SAFETY'

Environmental
Control Center

Fire Center

Compass

UNC/INT
Antenna

HES BOARD for
Planetary Spinning
Information...

Emergency
Switch

Paddling

Main Instrument
Bay
Radar
SLR
Computer
Engine Performance
Pilot Controls

THE
FRANCIS
POD

Supply Locker

Cargo bay

Outside No 2
Hatch

Top Deck Hatch

SPACE
SUIT
LOCKER

2 feet

Powered by one LIBERTY (Type-90) B-SHELL

optimized weight of Tongball - 18,000 lbs...

Built by the Government Tongball works 1-500

first design, OCT. 20 1958

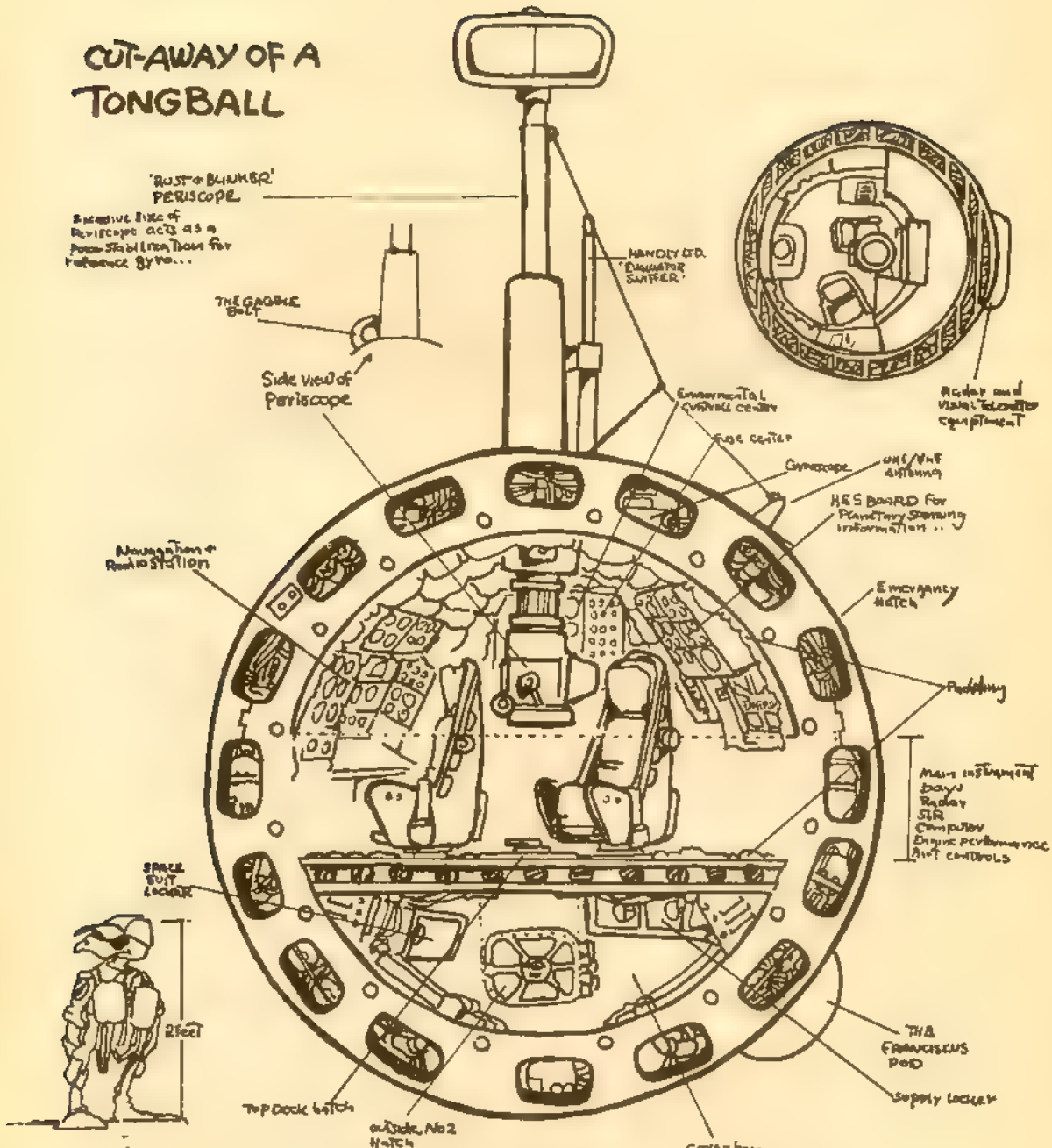
Shell - 6 1/2 feet dia.

Scope - 4 ft. down to locked / 14 1/2 ft. High

Scope - 8 ft. up full / 14 1/2 ft. High

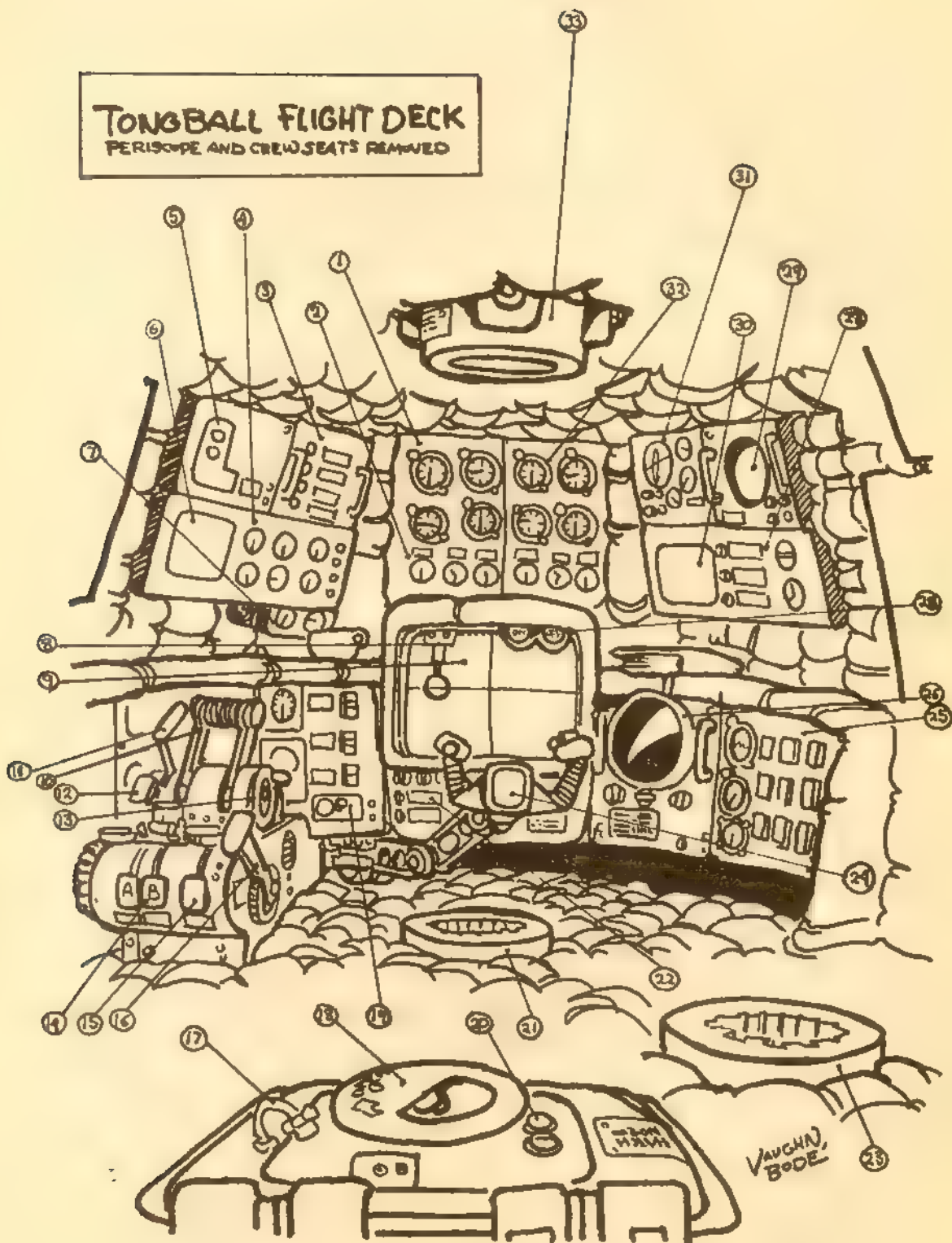


Radar and
Visual Identifier
Equipment



TONGBALL FLIGHT DECK

PERISCOPE AND CREW SEATS REMOVED



TONGBALL FLIGHT DECK INSTRUMENTS AND EQUIPMENT

1. GRAVITY PERFORMANCE BAY: PRESSURE EXERTION, WEIGHT OF SHIP, REAL PRESSURE, REAL WEIGHT
2. GRAVITY CHARGE READ OUTS: TOTAL CHARGE, ELAPSED TIME ON TC, LOSS PER MINUTE
3. FLIGHT SEQUENCE BOARD: READY, ATMOS. FLIGHT, SPACE FLIGHT, SHUT DOWN
4. FLIGHT INFORMATION: ALTITUDE, MILES, MILES THOUSANDS, MILES MILLIONS, MILES BILLIONS, LIGHT YEARS
5. GRAVITY CHARGE STATION; CHARGING, OFF, AMT. OF GRAVITY FLOW WHEN CHARGING (THE SQUARE WINDOW)
6. BLANK
7. CLOCK, ELAPSED FLIGHT TIME
8. TARGET TRACKER WHEN TONGBALL IS ARMED, THE T.T. FOLLOWS MOVEMENTS OF CONTROL COLUMN
9. VISUAL SCREEN: CROSS HAIRS APPEAR WHEN T.B. IS ARMED, CROSS HAIRS REPRESENT SHIP
10. GRAVITY THROTTLE, FORWARD TO DECREASE WEIGHT, BACK TO INCREASE WEIGHT
11. GYRO THROTTLE
12. GYRO ENGAGE PUNCH
13. ROLE TRIM TO AID GYRO
14. CURRENT THROTTLES, A. FOR ATMOSPHERIC OPERATION, B. FOR SPACE OPERATIONS
15. EMERGENCY CURRENT BOOST
16. DRIFT BRAKE FOR HOVER ANCHORAGE
17. PRESSURE RELEASE VALVE
18. TOP DECK HATCH
19. FRANCISCUS BAY
20. PRESSURE INDICATION LIGHTS...
21. PILOT SEAT POSITION
22. VISUAL SCREEN CONTROLS, FOCUS/DEPTH OF FIELD, ENLARGER, COLOR, NIGHT VISION INTENSIFIER
23. NAVIGATOR SEAT POSITION
24. CONTROL COLUMN FREE MOVING ON ARMATURE, CONTROLS SHIP ALTITUDE, DIRECTION, FIREING BUTTON
25. ON BOARD COMPUTER/AUTOMATIC PILOT
26. RADAR BANK
27. FLIGHT INFORMATION: SPEED MPH, M.P. MINUTE, M.P. SEC. 40. IN WINDOWS, ARTIFICIAL HORIZON, ETA CLOCK
28. VISUAL SCREEN ON/OFF PUNCHED LIGHTS
29. SIDE SCANNING RADAR BANK
30. BLANK
31. BARGE BOARD: BARGE ALTITUDE, 3D CONTROL, TEMP, WEIGHT, CURRENT FLOW
32. DUPLICATE GRAVITY PERFORMANCE BAY... CAN BE LOCKED INTO BARGE PERFORMANCE
33. RUST & BLINKER PERISCOPE MOUNT.

TONGBALL PRODUCTION, LOSS RATES AND COSTS

THERE ARE 500 GOVERNMENT TONGBALL WORKS. EACH ONE PRODUCES ONE COMPLETE TONGBALL PER WEEK... THEY HAVE BEEN BUILDING THIS NUMBER SINCE OCT 20 1958 WHEN THE 'GREAT TONGBALL PROJECT' WAS INITIATED UP UNTIL THIS WRITING THEY HAVE PRODUCED STEADILY FOR 512 WEEKS. OR 256,000 TONGBALLS OF THIS AMOUNT, THERE IS APROX. 50 TONGBALLS LOST EACH DAY IN VARIOUS WAYS. THAT WOULD BE 350 PERWK OR 70% OF THE TOTAL PRODUCTION.

2,000 ARE BUILT EACH MONTH, 1,400 ARE LOST

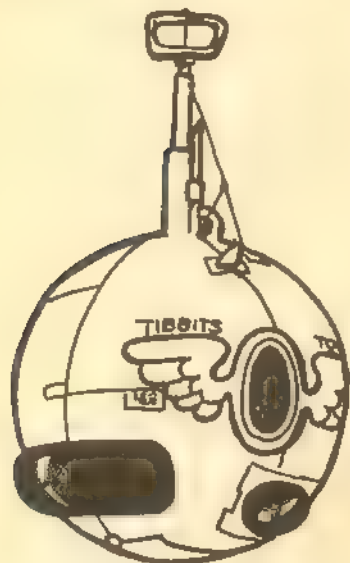
24,000 BUILT PER YEAR, 17,800 ARE LOST

256,000 TONGBALLS HAVE BEEN BUILT, 179,200 TONGBALLS HAVE BEEN LOST

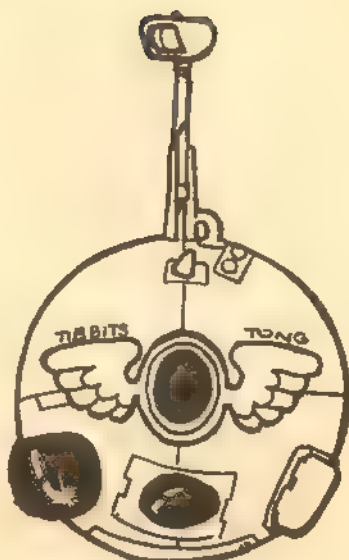
EACH TONGBALL COSTS THE HEAVILY BURDENED CITIZENS OF TIBBITS TONG 40,000. PAPER DOLLAR NOTES OR, 20,000,000.00 DOLLARS A WEEK, 80 MILLION A MONTH, 960 MILLION EACH YEAR OR TEN BILLION TWO HUNDRED FORTY MILLION DOLLARS SO FAR.....

VAUGHN
BODE

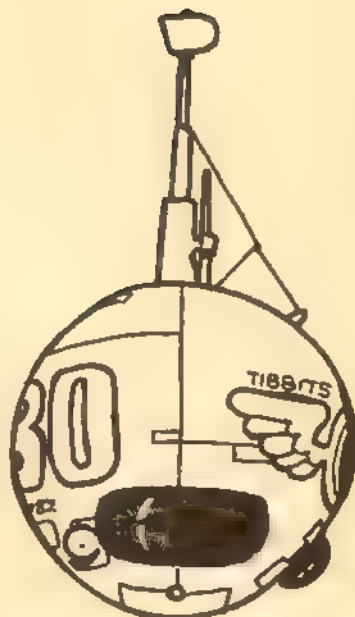
TONGBALL VIEWS



3/4 VIEW

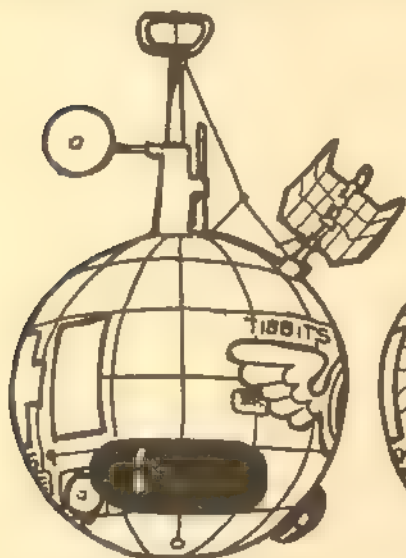


SIDE

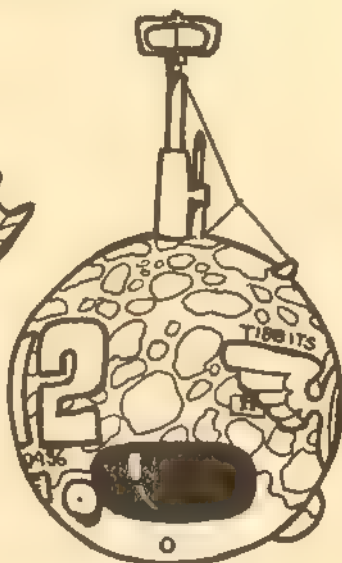


FRONT

TONGBALL VARIATIONS



SPECIAL TELEMETRY AND
COMMUNICATION

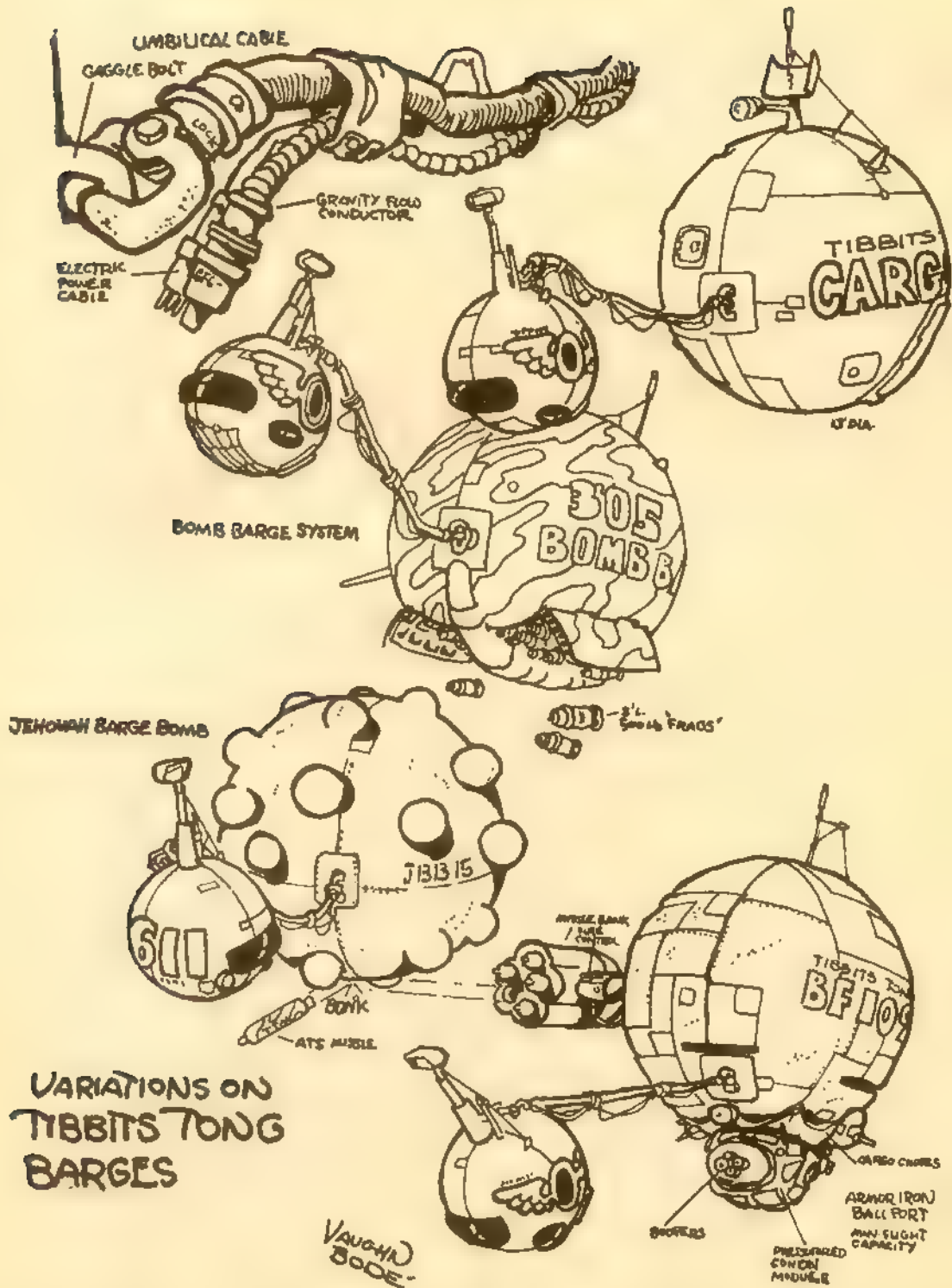


CAMOUFLAGE FOR
WINTER PLANET
OPERATIONS

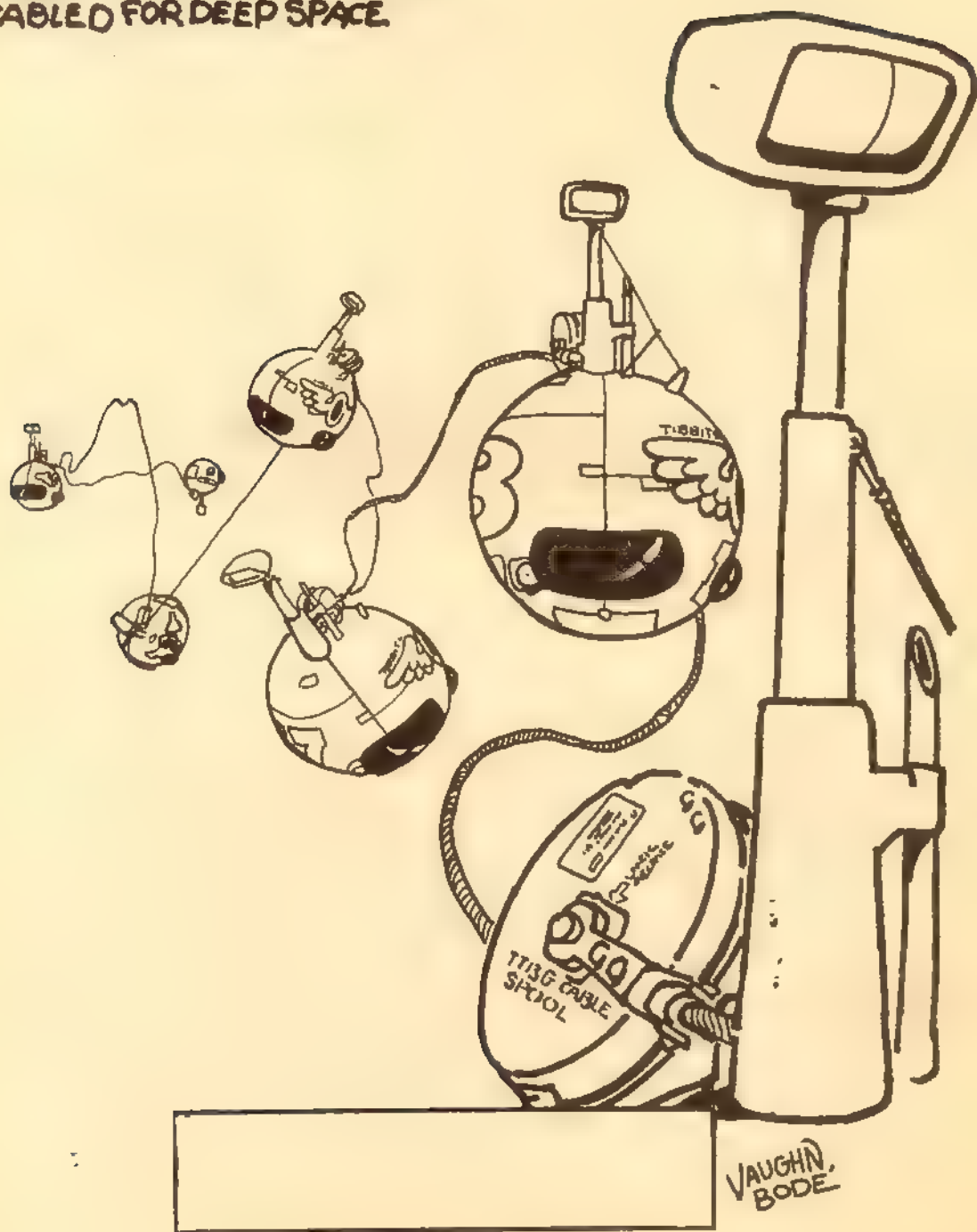


CAMOUFLAGE, DESERT
FOREST, SEA OR AIR

VAUGHN
BODE

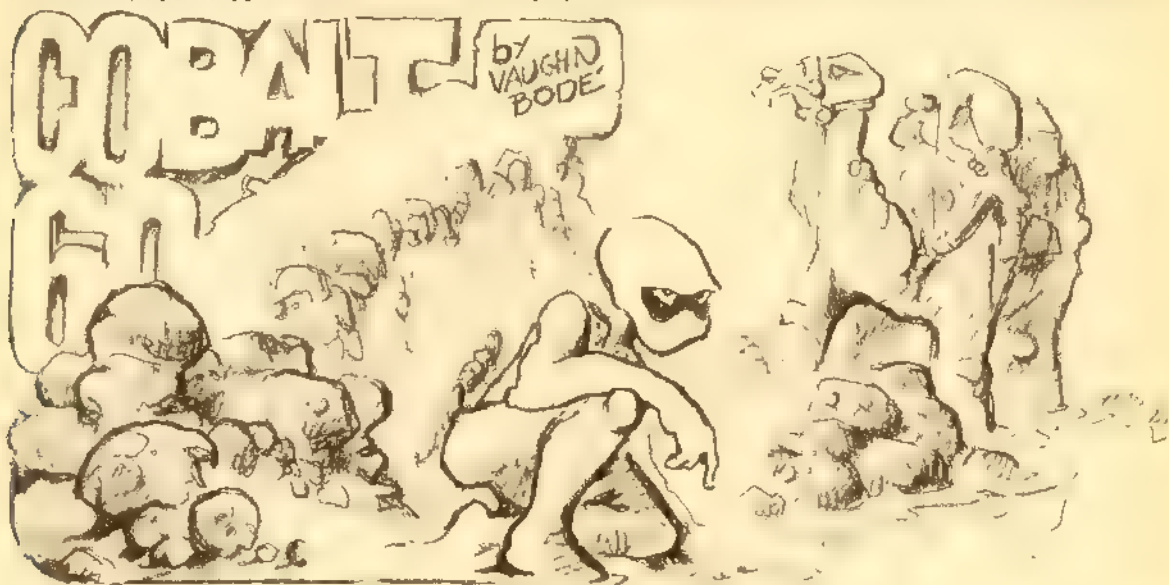


TIBBIT'S TONG BALL GAGGLE CABLED FOR DEEP SPACE



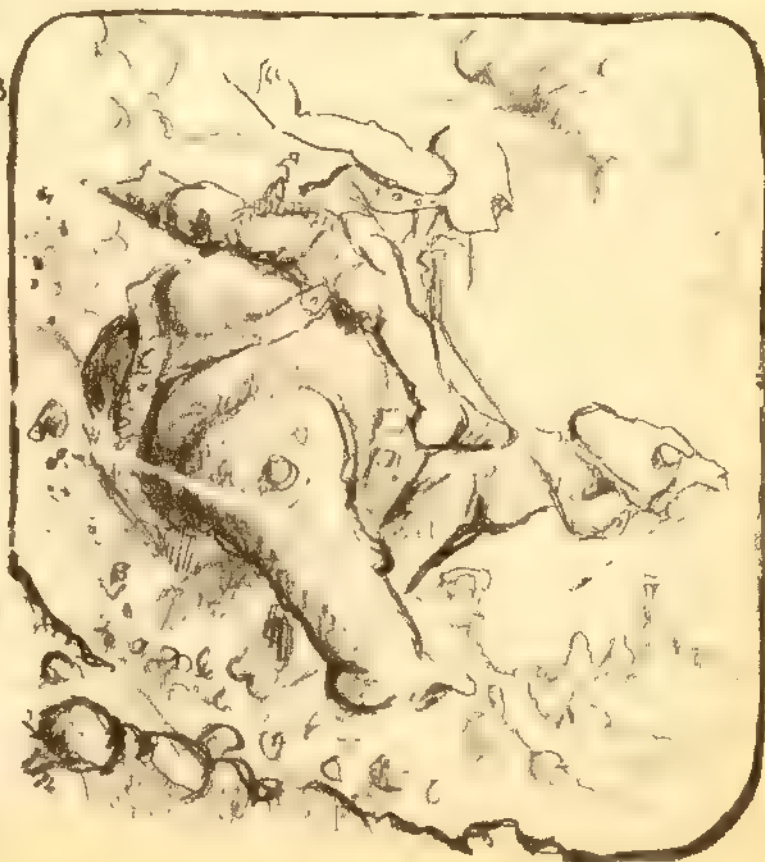
FAR AWAY, ACROSS A GREAT GULF
OF TIME, WHEN WE ARE BONES AND
OUR BONES ARE DUST, FAR AWAY
THROUGH VEILS OF IMPERCEPTIBLE
THINGS. THERE IS A 5:45.... THERE
IS SOUND OF HOLLOW WINDS AND
MOVEMENT OF GIANT CUMULOUS CLOUD
MOUNTAINS ACROSS ETERNAL PATHS,

HIGH UP IN A TIRED SKY... AND IN THE
LATE AFTERNOON OF DUSTY FOREVER, AT
5:45 A FIGURE COMES RIDING DOWN
TO A WATERHOLE... DISMOUNTS... DRINKS...
..THE LITTLE MAN OR HALFMAN OR MUTANT
OR MONSTER WATCHES THE WATER... HE
SEES THE EYES OF A TORTURED MIND
STARING OUT OF THE COLD SPRING..



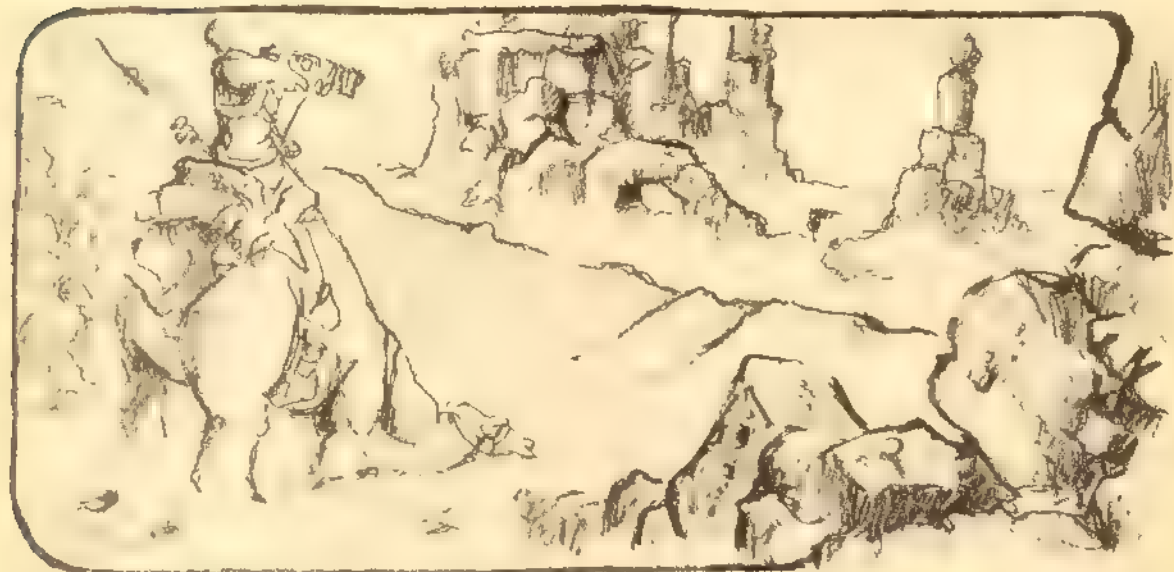
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THE STUPID GRASSER GRUNTS
IMPATIENTS AND CLACKS THE
IRON BIT IN ITS MOUTH, IT SNUFFS
OLD DUSTWEED BUT DECIDES
NOT TO EAT IT. COBALT WATCHES
THE CLOUDS MOVE SLOWLY
ACROSS THE WATER... WIND...
RIPPLES THE IMAGE.... DEEP
BROODINGS SAIL AWAY... HE
MOUNTS A CREEKING SADDLE
AND HAULS THE DUMB BEAST TO
ITS FEET... THEY LUMBER UP
THE SLOPE, THEN OVER THE
TOP... THEY FOLLOW AN OLD
WAGON PATH OUT ONTO A
GREAT FLAT PLATEAU.. COBALT
RELAXES, THE AIR IS EVENING
COOL, HE KICKS THE GRASSER
INTO A ROLLING, ROCKING LOPE
AND RACES TOWARD DISTANT
UNIMPORTANT GOALS... HE
RIDES WELL, LIKE PART OF THE
WHOLE ORGANIC MACHINE.. HE
SMACKS THE ANIMAL ON FASTER
AND HE GRINS BEHIND HIS MASK..





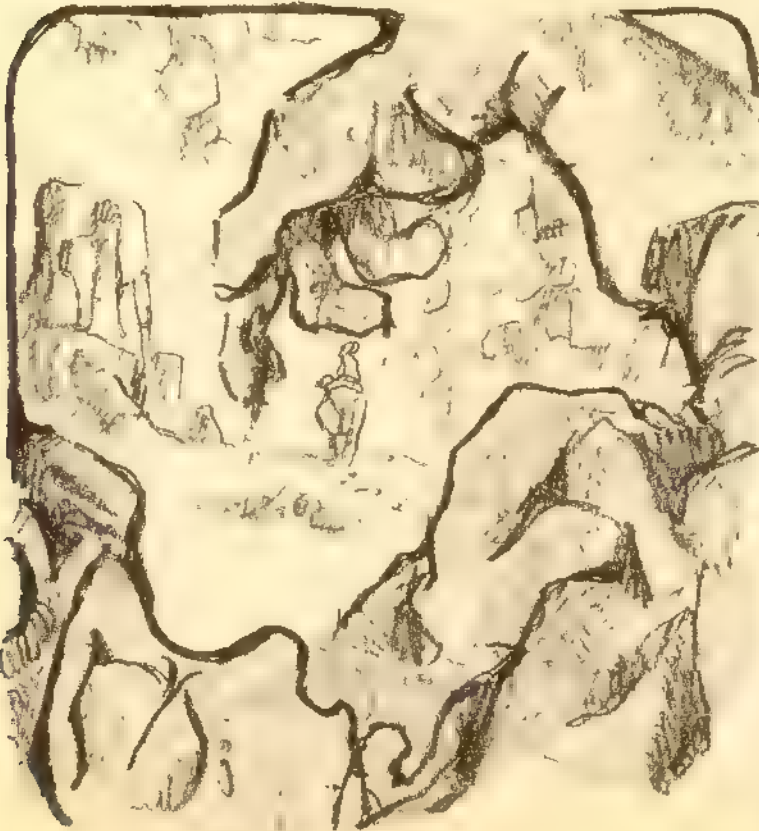
COBALT WINS HIS RACE AND HAULS THE GRASSER BACK TO A ROCKING, LUMBERING STRIDE... THEY PASS A GROUP OF BONES THAT USED TO LIVE AND WALK... THE OLD WIND-ERODED HILLS HOLD COUNTLESS MYSTERIES.. MYSTERIES BURIED IN DEEP CAVERNS OF RADIOACTIVE GLASS. "BONES" HE YELLS, "WHO WERE YOU BONES?" BUT ONLY WIND... MOANING OVER A RUSTY RIFLE... ..A CHASM OF TIME BETWEEN HIM AND HIS ANSWER.. "BONES," HE SAYS AGAIN.. HE DOESN'T SMILE, HIS HEAD HURTS FROM HATE, HIS EYES ACHIE EVIL AND BURNING.. THE BONES ARE HIS BONES AND HIS PEOPLE'S BONES STRUNG OUT ON A STERILE LAND BY HOMO SAPIENS, HUMANS, ENEMIES, THE ONES WHO WALK IN ALL GOD'S PURITY.. HUMANS WHO..... **COBALT** STOPS ON THE WAGON PATH, A MILE AWAY. SOMEONE WALKS... SOMEONE COMES...



COBALT DRAWS THE HEAVY CALIBER WOLF CARBINE FROM HIS SADDLE SCABBARD... HE WATCHES THE FIGURE... HE BOLTS A ROUND INTO THE CHAMBER. THIS IS AN UGLY WORLD OF LITTLE GOOD AND GREAT EVIL.. A WORLD WHERE SURVIVAL DEPENDS ON BRINGING DOWN YOUR NEIGHBOR. A WORLD WHERE THE MEAK AND PASSIVE PERISH WITH THE HISSING

SANDS... THE FIGURE MUST HAVE SEEN HIM BY NOW BUT CONTINUES ADVANCING, PRETENDING NOT TO NOTICE OR CONCEALING A GUN UNDER HIS CLOKE OR READY WITH BOMB OR KNIFE.. **COBALT** RAISES THE RIFLE... HE COULD SHOOT HIM DEAD WHERE HE WALKS... HE AIMS... HE COULD HIT HIS HEAD EASY... THE TRIGGER... WHAT?.. THE FIGURE IS WAVING TO HIM!...

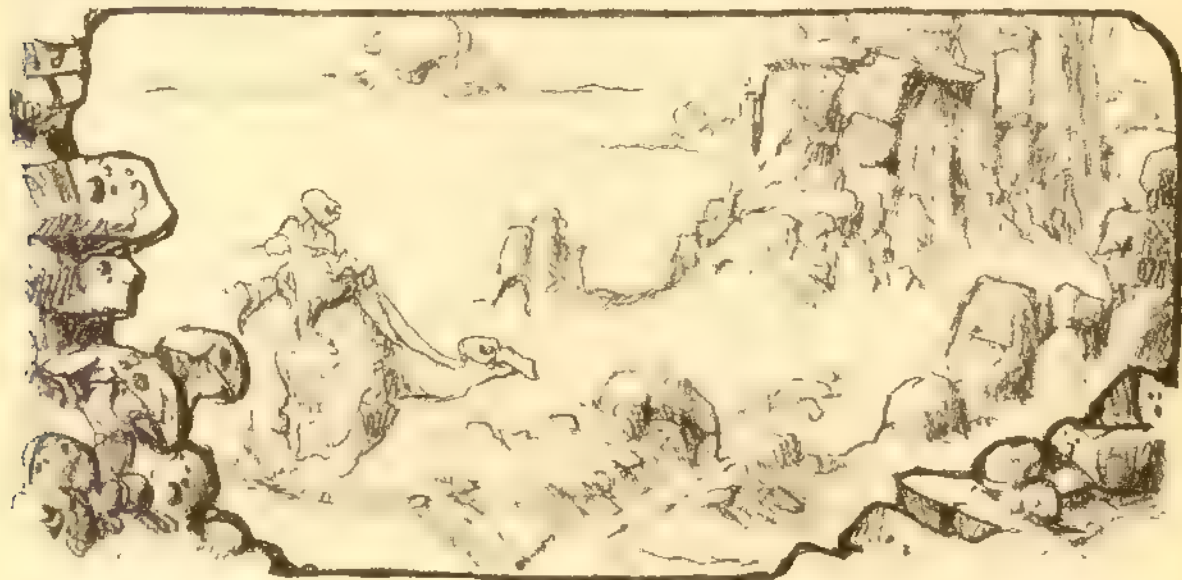
COBALT IS AMAZED. THE FIGURE IS YELLING AND WAVING TO HIM!... AS HE GETS CLOSER HE IS SAYING "...FOR TWO DAYS. THE PRIESTS AND THE SEED ARE RESTING IN THE OLD RUINS..." HE IS VERY CLOSE... HE STOPS AND PEERS AT THE RIDER HIGH UP ON THE BIG GRASSER... "IS THAT," HE BEGINS. "MY DEAR GOD!" HE CRIES. "A MUTANT!" "JESUS," YELLS COBALT. "A HUMAN!" THE MAN JUMPS BACK PULLING OUT A SHORT PISTOL... COBALT LURCHES BACK BUT FIRES HIS RIFLE ONE HANDED... THE SLUG KNOCKS THE MAN DOWN... HE SHOOTS BACK AT THE SKY, AND A DIZZY WORLD. HE SCREAMS AND SHOOTS AND IN HIS PAIN HE DOESN'T KNOW THE MUTATION HAS SHOT HIM AGAIN... IN THE STOMACH... HE BANGS THE GROUND WITH HIS HEAD AND VOMITS BLOOD AND TRIES STUPIDLY TO STUFF HIS ENTRAILS BACK.... COBALT SITS... SHAKING... WATCHING THE FASCINATING HORROR...



WHEN THE HUMAN DIES, COBALT GETS DOWN AND LOOKS AT HIM... HE IS AN OFFICER IN THE PALACE GUARD OF THE RADIO PEOPLE... AN OFFICER ALONE, DISGUISED UNDER THE CLOKE OF A HUMAN PRIEST... "...HE THOUGHT I WAS A MAN... A RADIO..." THE DEAD MAN'S BOYISH FACE TWITCHES WITH INVOLUNTARY MUSCLE SPASMS... COBALT ALMOST TOUCHES HIM, BUT PULLS AWAY AND GOES BACK TO THE GRASSER "WHAT HE SAID," HE MOUNTS AND PULLS THE BEAST UP, "WHAT HE SAID ABOUT THE PRIESTS IN THE RUINS." HE MOVES ON, AWAY FROM THE BODY... IT WILL LAY ON THE PLATEAU AND BECOME BONES THAT USED TO LIVE AN WALK. COBALT MOVES HIS BEAST INTO A STEADY LOPE "RUINS" HE SAYS AND SCANS THE JUMBLED ROCKS FAR BEHIND HIM LAYING IN THE DUSTY ROAD THE YOUNG HUMAN'S HAND TWITCHES A LAST TIME...

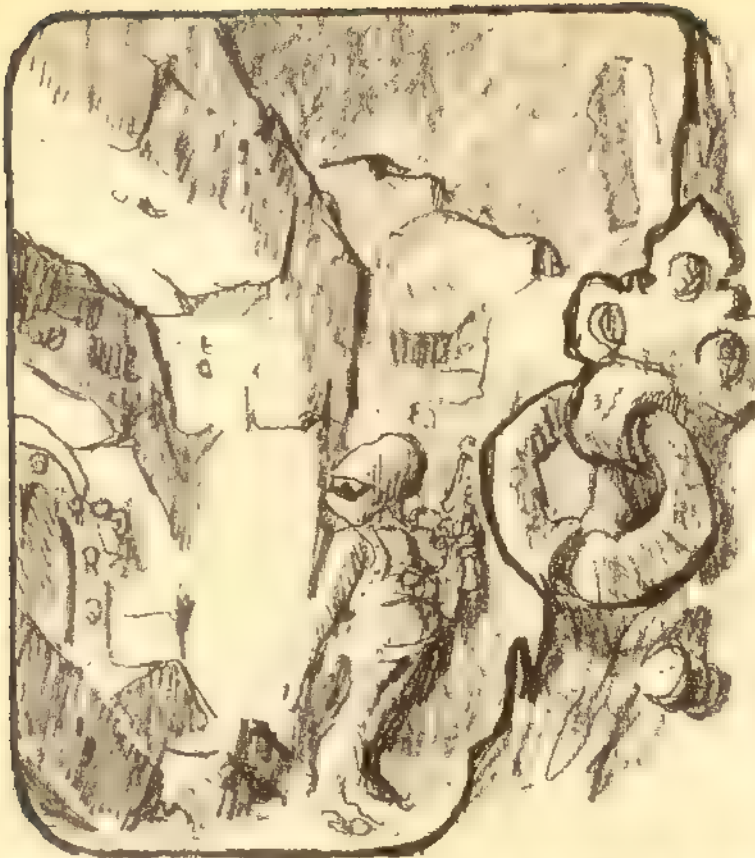
WHEN CIVILIZATION FELL IT NEVER FELL IMMEDIATELY INTO TOTAL BARBARISM. DESPITE THE FACT IT HAD SO SHORT A WAY TO FALL TO GET THERE... CIVILIZATION FELL LIKE A GREAT SILK CLOTH OVER JUMBLED BRICKS. IN MANY PLACES RELIGIOUS ORDERS HUNG ON FOR A HUNDRED YEARS OR MORE AS BASTIONS OF HUMANITY'S BELIEF IN DIVINE PURPOSE... THEY HUNG ON UNTILL

THE MUTATIONS SACKED AND PILLAGED THEM... THE RUINS STOOD AGAINST A ROCK BUTTE ON THE EDGE OF THE PLATUE. WHEN COBALT SPOTTED THE OLD TOWER HE REIGNED HIS GRASSER OFF THE PATH AND ACROSS STONY FLATS. IF MORE HUMANS WERE THERE HE DIDN'T WANT TO BE SEEN... HE THOUGHT HE SAW AN EARLY STAR OFF BEYOND THE RUINS. "VENUS," HE SAID...



WHEN HE WAS AS CLOSE AS HE DARED GO WITH THE GRASSER HE TOOK HIS CARBINE AND DISMOUNTED. HE LEFT THE ANIMAL UNTETHERED, SNUFFING AND PAWING DUST WEED... COBALT CLIMBED THE ROCKS AT THE BASE OF THE BUTTE AND CAREFULLY CROSSED THEM UNTIL HE WAS OPPOSITE THE TOWER... WINDS... CRIED IN UNENDING SORROW AS THEY SWOONED ACROSS THE OLD ROCK... HE JUMPED... ONTO THE TOWER... LIKE A CAT STALKING ITS PREY... HE WAS QUIET, LISTENING... NOTHING. JUST THE WINDS HYMN... MUCH OF THE ROOF WAS CAVED IN ON A LOWER LEVEL... HE WENT DOWN INTO THE DARK. PICKING HIS WAY LIKE ON EGGS ALERT NOT TO DISTURB A PEBBLE OR BONE... HE FOUND STONE STEPS THAT LED ROUND AND DOWN. HE TOOK THEM. VOICES!... HE TENSES. HOLDING HIS BREATH.... THE PRIESTS....





COBALT STEPPED DOWN..SLOWLY.. THROUGH THE DARK OF THE DEAD TOWER..THE VOICES FRIGHTENED HIM WITH THEIR CLARITY LIKE THEY WERE SPEAKING TO HIM.."BUT GOD IN ALL HIS GOODNESS HAS BLESSED US WITH THE FERTILE SEED..YOU... PERHAPS THE LAST OF OUR RACE TO HAVE SUCH A DEVINE QUALITY.." ANOTHER VOICE..ALSO SOFT;"MAJOR SUSU'S SON SHOULD BE BACK SOON, HE MUST BE RIDING WITH THE CAVALRY BY NOW..THIS TERRIBLE WAIT WILL BE OVER..." "CAVALRY!" THOUGHT COBALT, "CAVALRY!"...HE FELT TRAPPED, THEY COULD HAVE FOUND THE SOLDIER, ALREADY!.. AND IF THEY HAD...IF THEY HAD..THEN THEY WOULD BE CHARGING DOWN THE ROAD TO SAVE THEIR PRIESTS! HE BIT ON HIS LIP..INDECISION... IF HE GOT OUT NOW THEY WOULDN'T LOOK FOR HIM...PERHAPS A MUTANT ROBBER DID IN THE OFFICER ON HIS WAY TO OTHER PARTS..."YES,"HE THINKS,"I'LL GET OUT,I'LL GO BACK..."

COBALT TURNED AWAY TO CLIMB BACK INTO THE BLACKNESS, BUT STOPPED..A WOMAN..A WOMAN'S VOICE SPOKE LIKE LAVENDER SILK AND JELLO WATER AND HE STOPPED, HIS HEART BEATING... HE LISTENED.."I AM COLD,FATHER AND I AM HUNGRY," ONLY ONCE HAD HE HEARD A HUMAN WOMAN SPEAK..ONLY ONCE...SO HE WOULD LISTEN A MOMENT AND THEN BE GONE... HE KNEW THE CAVALRY WOULD COME SOON..VERY SOON.. "YOU SAID I AM THE SALVATION OF THE RADIO RACE, THAT GOD HAS PICKED ME TO BEAR FRUITFUL CHILDREN FOR YOU.. BUT HE DOES NOT KEEP ME WARM AND YOU DO NOT FEED ME.."THE WOMAN WAS CRYING..A PRIEST WAS SAYING COMFORTING WORDS... COBALT WASN'T LISTENING.."SHE'S A SEED," HIS MIND SCREAMED,"A FERTILE WOMAN, MAYBE THE LAST HUMAN CAPABLE OF CARRYING A CHILD!"... HIS KNEES TREMBLED,"A SEED!"....

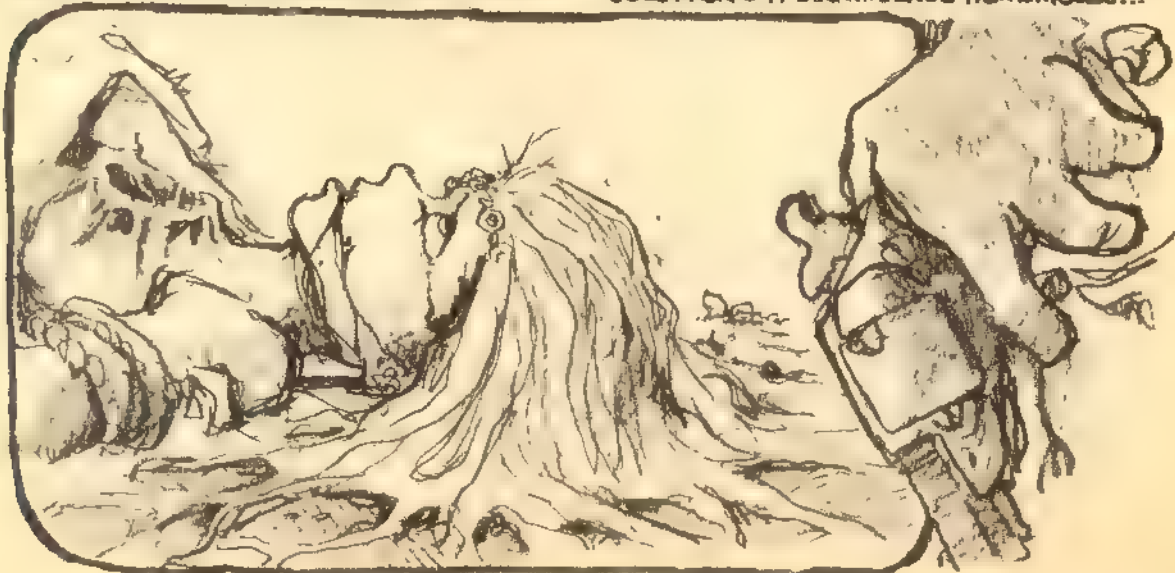


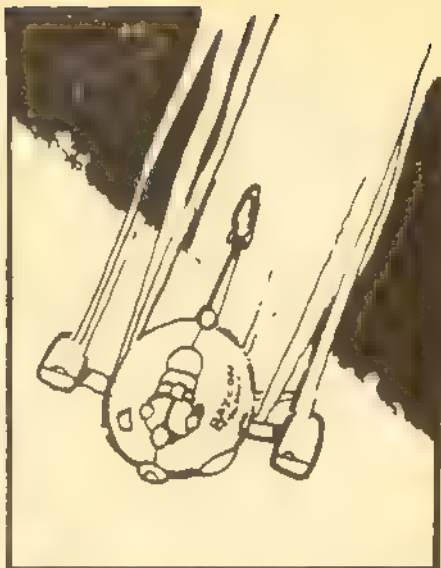
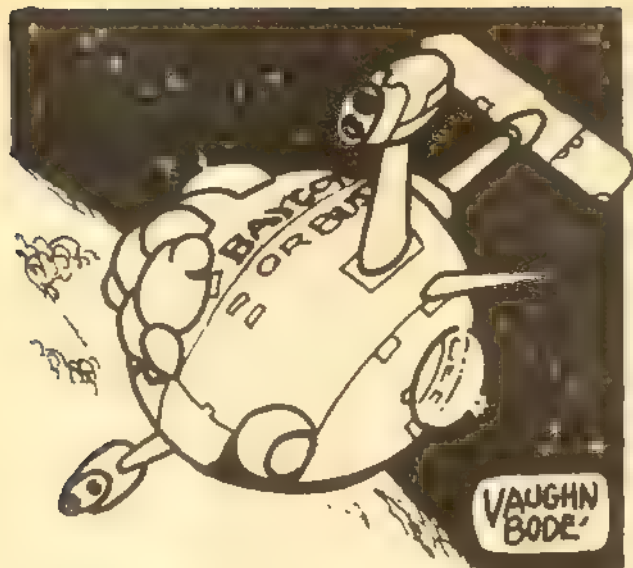


COBALT'S MIND REELS, HIS HANDS SHAKE LIKE AN OLD MAN'S "A SEED!" HE FELT DESTRUCTION, FASCINATED, HUNG BETWEEN ESCAPE AND HATRED THAT BORDERED INSANE. PLEASURE "I MUST KILL THAT WOMAN," HE SCREAMS IN SILENCE. "DO IT, DO IT, DO IT!" HE ALMOST FAINTS AS HE PUSHES FROM THE WALL AND STARTS.. ALMOST THERE.. HE FORGETS THE RIFLE AND DRAWS HIS PISTOL. THE WOODEN DOOR.. SHE IS CLOSE BEHIND IT.. HE IS SO NERVOUS HE HOLDS THE WEAPON IN BOTH HANDS.. HE COCKS IT. "WHAT WAS THAT?" SAYS A PRIEST. **CRASH!** COBALT FALLS AFTER HIMSELF INTO THE ROOM!.. HE ROLLS OVER, THE WOMAN IS SCREAMING. HE SHOOTS THE PRIEST WHO BLOCKS THE SEED.. THE MAN FALLS LIKE A BROKEN DOLL. THE OTHER ONE GOES TO HIS KNEES AND IMPLORES COBALT TO SPARE THE WOMAN. "I'LL GO WITH YOU MUTATION.. I'LL FOREVER SERVE YOU, BUT DON'T, PLEASE!"

COBALT AIMS AT THE BEAUTIFUL HUMAN... SOFT... SWEET SEED OF FERTILITY.. SHE IS TERRIFIED... DUMB WITH DISBELIEF.. HE SHOOTS.. THE 45 CAL. BULLET SMASHES HER SHOULDER AND SPRAWLS HER ACROSS HER BED IN A SHOWER OF BLOOD... COBALT STANDS... COCKS AND SHOOTS, COCKS AND SHOOTS, COCKS.. BUT DOESN'T SHOOT.. HALF HER LOVELY, DELICATE FACE IS GONE.. SHE IS DEAD...

THE LIVING PRIEST LAYS ON THE FLOOR CRYING AND ROCKING, NOT CARING IF HE IS NEXT. COBALT HOISTERS HIS WEAPON LIKE A ZOMBIE AND STUMBLES AWAY FROM HIS HORRIBLE PLAY.. HE IS ELATED... HE IS SICK... HE IS A MONSTER IN A WORLD MADE BY THE THING HE DESTROYED. HE STAGGERS OUT INTO THE NIGHT LIKE A DRUNK. HE DOESN'T SEE THE CAVALRY COMING.. HE DOESN'T EVEN NOTICE... HE SEES A BRIGHT STAR... "VENUS" HE MUMBLES...







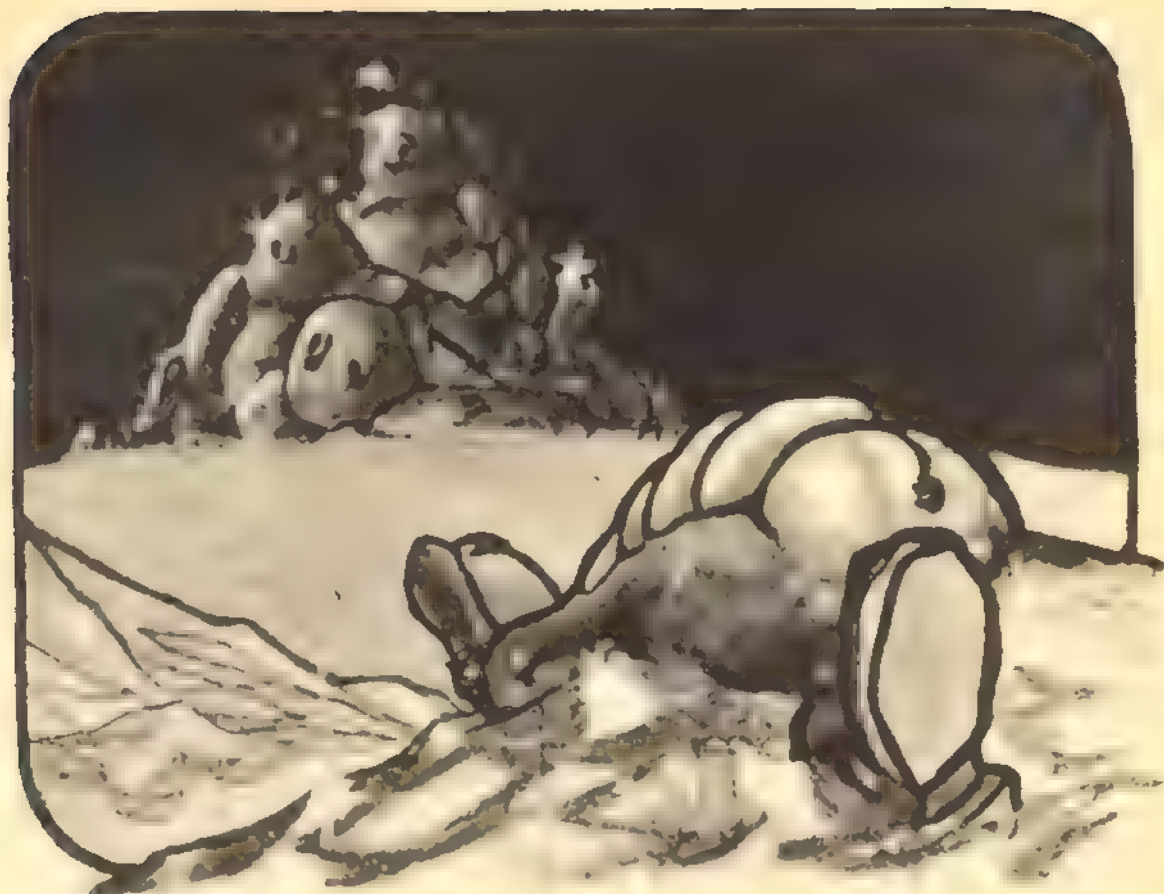
WHEN LARRY STICKELTODD WOKE UP, HE KNEW HE WAS DEAD BECAUSE AS LONG AS LARRY REMEMBERED HE'D BEEN A HUMAN BEING...NOW HE WAS A LIZARD. NOT YOUR RUN-OF-THE-MILL, SWAMP-STOMPING KIND, BUT A COMFORTABLY SOPHISTICATED BRAND. FOR THE FIRST DAYS OF HIS DEATH, LARRY FOUGHT THE STAGGERING TRUTH. HE WANDERED DOWN AN ENDLESS MAZE OF CAVERNS AND CONNECTING TUNNELS TRYING TO GATHER HIS SUPERIOR ANGLO-SAXON COOL. IT WASN'T EASY, EVEN THOUGH LARRY WAS A 20TH CENTURY CATHOLIC, OR AN AGNOSTIC RIGHT WING ATHEIST, HE WAS SCARED...HAD HE PUT HIS MONEY ON A BAD BET? DID HE BLOW THE BIG UTOPIA?..... IT WAS ONE WEEK TO THE DAY, SUNDAY MORNING BACK ON EARTH, WHEN LARRY MET GOD...



THE SIGHT OF GOD, THE OMNIPOTENT, BROUGHT TEARS TO LARRY'S EYES... IT WAS A PROFOUND EMOTIONAL EXPERIENCE, IT WAS A BIG FAT FROG, AS BIG AS THE NOTRE-DAME CATHEDRAL... "AH, HI," SAID LARRY, "YOU MUST BE GOD..." GOD DIDN'T NOTICE THE TINY CREATURE, HE WAS BITING A HUGE HANG NAIL... "SAY," SCREAMED LARRY, "YOU MUST BE GOD!"... THE ALL-KNOWING FLICKED A FORTY POUND NAIL-FRAGMENT AT HIM, SAW IT MISS AND BLAMED IT ON HIS FAILING RIGHT EYE... HE SMILED BENEVOLENTLY, "I'M GOD," HE SAID, "BUT I REFER TO MYSELF AS THE, AH, PRIME MOVER, SOUNDS BETTER..." "I'D LIKE TO ASK," LARRY ASKED, "WHY YOU MADE ME INTO A LIZARD?"... GOD MOVED HIS IMPOSING MASS A LITTLE CLOSER. "I'M NOT ALLOWED TO EAT HUMANS," HE SAID.....



IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO DESCRIBE HOW IT FEELS TO BE EATEN BY A TREMENDOUS FROG...IT'S NOT THE PAIN SO MUCH AS THE CHEWING, CRUSHING AND RENDING ON YOUR LITTLE BODY...IT LASTS TOO LONG....IT BECOMES A WISH FOR A SECOND DEATH...BUT YOU DON'T DIE AGAIN, YOU PUT UP WITH THE HOT, FOUL-SMELLING, SMUSHNESS OF THE INTERIOR... YOU LOOK FORWARD TO BEING SWALLOWED..... LARRY WAS HALF CONSCIOUS OF SLITHERING DOWN A TUNNEL, THEN OF FALLING A LONG WAY THROUGH BLACKNESS...WITH A VICIOUS SMACK HE DROVE DEEP INTO A MURKY LIQUID, STUCK FOR A MOMENT IN THE BOTTOM MUCK, THEN BEGAN TO FLOAT UP... IT TOOK A LONG TIME...LARRY'S SMASHED BODY DRIFTED IN A WORLD OF GREAT GREEN BUBBLES...



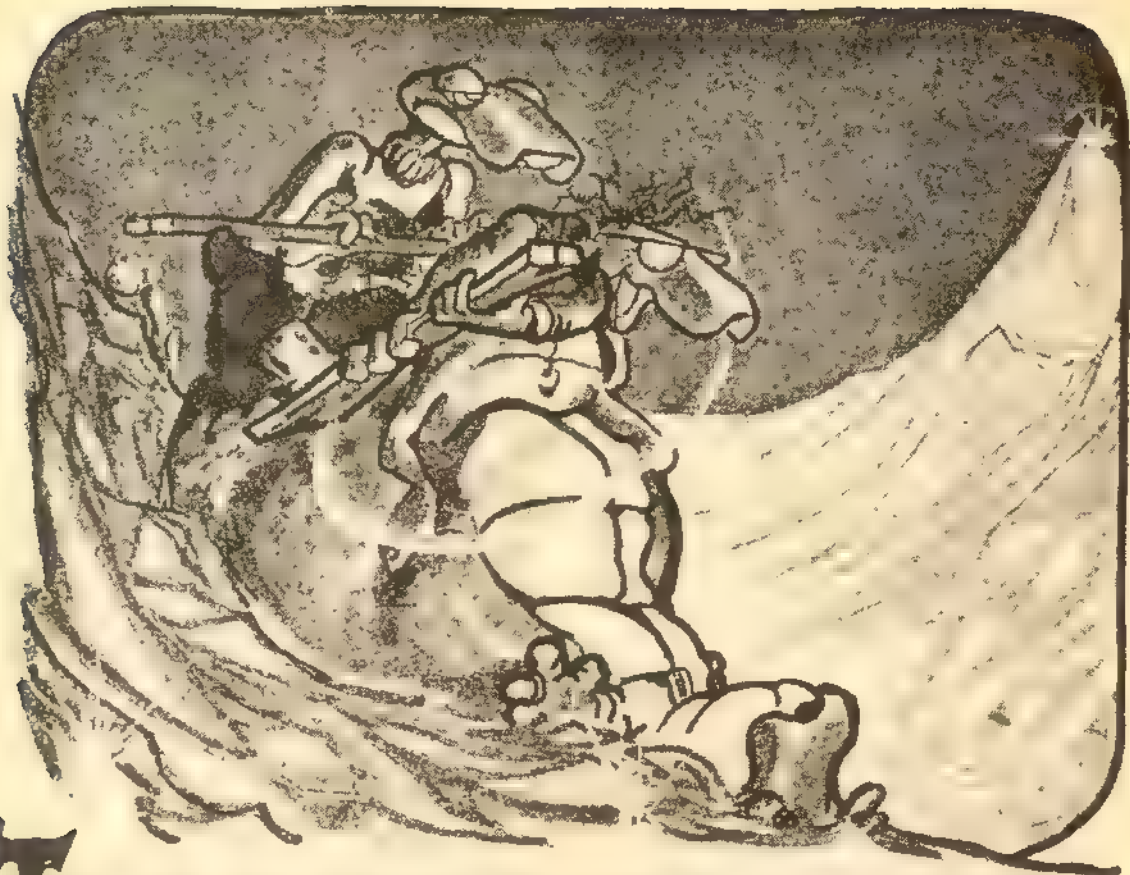
LARRY BOBBED TO THE SURFACE AND ROLLED ALONG PEACEFULLY ON THE BIG SWELLS...SOMETIMES HE WAS FACE UP, SOMETIMES FACE DOWN...HE DIDN'T CARE.. THE GENTLE ROCKING SLOWED HIS SENSE OF TIME UNTIL IT SLIPPED FAR AWAY.....LARRY FLOATED IN THIS BLISSFUL, WOMB LIKE STATE FOR FIVE WEEKS... THEN HE BEGAN TO WAKE UP...HE COULD HEAR MUSIC, A DISTANT ECHO AT FIRST, AND SOON A DISTINCT ECHO, THEN AN ORGAN WITH MANY PIPING VOICES...THE VOICES SANG HYMNS! HYMNS IN THE STOMACH OF TRUTH!...LARRY COULD SEE AN ISLAND OFF HIS PORT SIDE. IT WAS A GREAT MOUND, A TUMOR IN THE MIDDLE OF A STOMACH OF TRUTH. AND WAY UP ON TOP HE SAW A SHANTY TOWN, BUT IT HAD A BEAUTIFUL ORGAN AND HAPPY, SINGING, DANCING BLACK LIZARDS..



WELL SIR, LARRY'S USELESS, CHEWED-UP BODY GOT STUCK ON A SAND BAR. HE TRIED TO SCREAM FOR HELP, BUT HE WAS PARALYZED FROM HIS BRAIN PAN DOWN, AND THE BLACK LIZARDS ON TOP OF TUMOR ISLAND WERE OUT OF IT, IN A RELIGIOUS REBIRTH OF SINGING AND DANCING... LARRY DECIDED TO WAIT... THIRY SIX HOURS LATER HE WAS SPOTTED BY TWO CREATURES. "HEY MAN," THE LITTLE ONE SHOUTED, "WHAT A WHITEY LIZARD DOIN' LYIN' OUT DER ?" LARRY DIDN'T ANSWER... "BROTHER RAP," SAID THE HANDSOME REPTILE "IT'S OBVIOUS THAT BODY OUT THERE IS A SOUTHERN BAPTIST MEMBER OF THE KLU-KLUX-KLAN, AND A FORMER SLAVE HOLDING CAPITALIST..." RAP WAS DEEPLY DISTURBED, "DAT HIM TO A T, MAN, DAT RACIAL HATRED JUS OOZIN OUT EVERY PORE !"



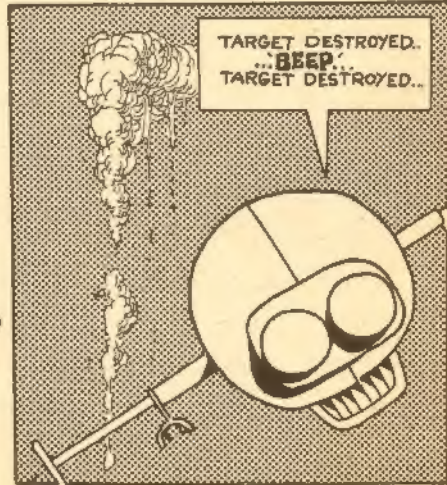
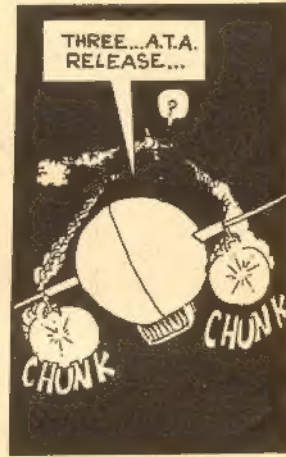
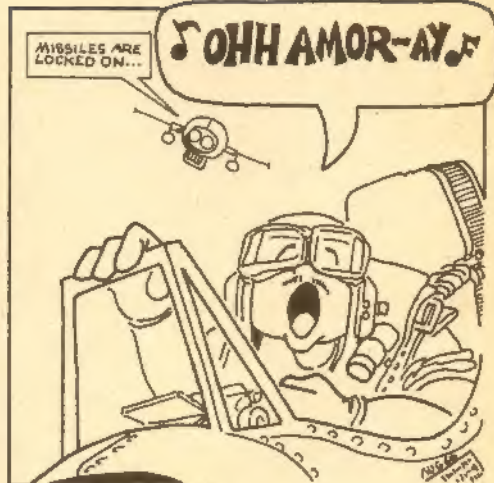
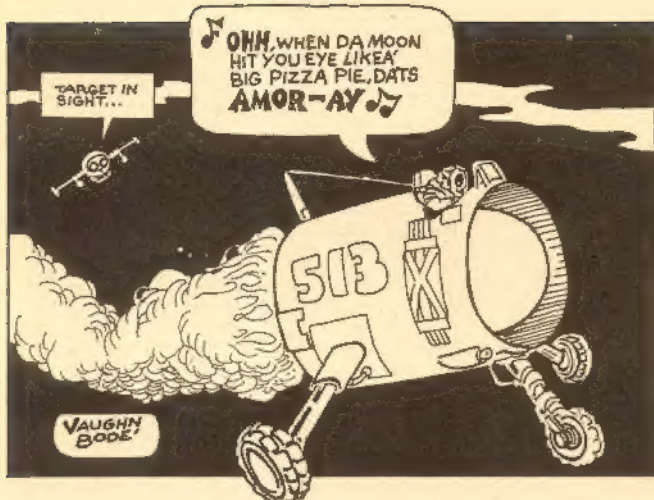
RAP SKITTERED UP TO THE SHANTY-TOWN RANTING FIT TO KILL. WHEN HE REACHED THE ORGAN HE BEGAN TO SHOUT AND JUMP AROUND. "IT COME TO DESTROY US," HE WAILED, "IT JUS LYIN DOWN DER RADIATIN' HATRED! THE LIZARDS STOPPED TO LISTEN... "WE GOT, STOKES DOWN DER WAITIN' ON US... WE GONNA' PULVERIZE DA RACIST," HE BELLOWED, "COMEDN, FOLLOW ME DOWN!" AS ONE, THE BLACK LIZARDS TURNED AWAY AND STRUCK UP A ROUSING VERSION OF HANDEL'S 'MESSIAH'..... RAP REJECTED THEIR REJECTION OF HIM AN SKITTERED BACK DOWN THE TUMOR TO JOIN STOKES. THEY SAT ON THE BEACH, SKIPPING STONES AT LARRY'S BODY, AND PLANNED OUT HOW TO PULP HIM..... LARRY LAY OFF SHORE WATCHING THE TWO LIZARDS AS THEY BEGAN TO COLLECT A PILE OF BIG ROCKS...



THE TWO MILITANT BLACK LIZARDS HAD A BIG BUNCH OF SMALL BOULDERS TO USE ON LARRY'S SAND-BARED BODY..THEN, STOKES, THE RAKISHLY GOOD-LOOKING SPOKES-MAN FOR THE DARK DUO HELD UP HIS HAND, RAP HALTED, UNCOMPREHENDINGLY. "HUH?" HE SAID.. "WE GOT A BETTER IDEA," HE CONFIDED, "WE CAN ALWAYS PULP HIM.. LETS TAKE HIM FOR A RIDE FIRST.." THEY GOT BOARDS TO USE AS PADDLES AND WADED OUT TO LARRY.. RAP PUSHED AND STOKES PULLED UNTIL THE BLOATED THING WAS OFF THE SAND BAR AND FREELY BOBBING ABOUT IN WAIST-HIGH WATER... THE BLACK LIZARDS MOUNTED THE SPONGY WHITE ONE... LARRY WASN'T THINKING ANYMORE, NOT AFTER THEY PADDLED OFF WITH HIM. HE WAS HIDING FROM THE AWFULNESS OF, LIZARD'S INHUMANITY TO LIZARD....



AS WEEKS PASSED INTO MONTHS, RAP AND STOKES BECAME VERY FOND OF LARRY. THEY FORGOT ALL ABOUT RACIAL JUSTICE AND JUST PADDLED HIM AROUND INSIDE GOD'S MAGNIFICENT STOMACH... THEY EVEN BUILT A LITTLE DOCK AND KEPT HIM TIED UP DURING ROUGH SEAS DUE TO THE OMNIPOTENT'S DISTRESS IN THE LOWER TRACT, WHICH IS NOTHING TO SCOFF AT, AND THEY BECAME AT LAST AWARE OF THE VALUE OF RACIAL HARMONY... THEY CHARGE A NICKEL A RIDE ON LARRY STICKELTODD... WAY DOWN, DEEP INSIDE HIS HEAD, ENCASED IN A DEPTHLESS HALF-CONSCIOUSNESS, LARRY WAS DIGGING IN SOME SAND WITH HIS NEW CRAB CLAWS WHEN HE MET GOD. "AH, HI," SAID LARRY, "YOU MUST BE GOD..." THE GIGANTIC LOBSTER DIDN'T NOTICE HIM...







JONES/BODÉ